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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1906.

The Election—Hearstism Defeated.

A set-back was given to radicalism yesterday. New York defeated William Randolph Hearst, radical of radicals, by a decisive if not an overwhelming vote. Massachusetts proved safe and sane. Pennsylvania, to her shame, stood by the "gang" and suffered the reform ticket to go to defeat.

A formidable minority of the people of the richest of American Commonwealths forgave Hearst the sins of his yellow newspapers and cast a vote for him fairly startling in its size. There is no partisan political significance in it. He might have won but for the Democrats who voted for Hughes. But the result is full of deepest meaning in its aspects other than political. It is a thunderous voice of disapproval of existing conditions—a protest and warning to which both parties may well give ear.

A newspaper man at best is a poor candidate for elective office, but Hearst, handicapped as he was in this respect, developed a potency at the polls that will set the whole country thinking to-day.

There was a human side to Hearst's campaign, as Judge Grosscup pointed out, and, now that it is all over, we readily see that it was the most natural thing in the world for him to get a large vote. It tells us how really little we know of mankind; how inadequately we appreciate and understand the influences that move mankind; how imperfectly we appraise the vast army of honest citizens whom we lightly term the masses.

Hearst's defeat will strengthen the stock market, give confidence to men of substance, and be helpful and wholesome to business interests generally. But let the conservatives be not misled by the result. Radicalism has not run its course. The Republican party, which cries out most loudly against it, is full of it, even if it is not called by that name. The reaction has not fully set in.

If the result as a whole means anything in particular in a political sense, based upon a superficial review at this hour, it is that the Republican party will seek harder than ever before to make Theodore Roosevelt its candidate in 1908. It also emphasizes Bryan's availability on the other side.

Apart from New York, the results are fraught with no signal surprise. The Republicans hold the House of Representatives by a reduced majority, and the government at Washington still lives.

Also a lot of badly overworked adjectives are going to get a much needed rest over in New York—not to mention a tired and weary public.

Tall Buildings and the Law.

A law enacted by Congress regulates the height of buildings in the city of Washington. It provides, in brief, that no structure shall be higher than the width of the street upon which it abuts, and that upon the widest avenue no building shall be more than 110 feet high. Some latitude is allowed for ornamental domes, spires, &c.; but so far as the building itself is concerned, the law is absolute.

Up to the present time no one has had the temerity to contest the constitutionality of this statute, although its provisions have worked hardship in many cases. We venture to suggest, however, that it presents a most interesting question. In the first place, there is a limit to Congressional authority in dealing with matters affecting private property; nor is this limitation removed, in our opinion, by the fact that the property is located in a territory over which Congress is constitutionally given exclusive jurisdiction. As we understand the situation, Congress can properly legislate upon all questions affecting the health, safety, and good order of the community. It can authorize building regulations which insure protection for the inmates of every structure. It can demand sanitary plumbing, and it can direct the destruction of unsafe dwellings. All these things Congress can rightfully do, upon the ground that such action pertains to the welfare of all the people.

In the matter of height of buildings, however, no such considerations are involved. Health, safety, and good order are not affected. More than this, when Congress attempts to regulate the height of buildings it places itself in the position of dictating what a property owner shall do with his own property, even when he does not violate a single ordinance relating to the conduct of the community. It is a well-established principle of law that ownership of real property extends from the center of the earth to the sky above. When Congress allows only an eight-story building, when ten stories might be erected, the confiscation of property is as complete as though the width of the property was narrowed. If a building should project upward beyond the point of safety, it would be right and proper to bring it within limit. The law in question does not, however, make any such distinction. It arbitrarily fixes a certain height, without assigning any reason, and thus curtails rentable space which would be of profit to the owner. The only basis upon which such a law can rest is aestheticism, pure and simple. There may be wisdom in the law; there probably is; but an interesting question is involved which, sooner or later, is sure to come up for judicial settlement.

No one can successfully controvert the fact that the splendid buildings which have been erected here during the past few years have added immensely to the appearance and dignity of the capital city. Washington wants as many of them as capital and enterprise can be induced to erect. They should not be allowed to transcend the limit of safety, but until that limit is reached any interference with the rights of private ownership invites a question which the courts may well be called upon to decide.

Right on the eve of the election, the Baltimore American published an editorial leader under the caption, "Sober Last Thought." Evidently the American considered it all over but the celebrating.

Some Post-Election Thoughts.

We have passed through a political campaign which raged with exceptional virulence in two or three localities. We have beheld the characters of men and their political beliefs subjected to every form of attack. We have been told that the foundations of social order were endangered, that the structure of our government was imperiled, that our political institutions were on trial, and that the surrender of our liberties was imminent. Well, the terrible thing has happened, and what, precisely, has gone to smash?

We fancy the chief wreckage may be found in the extraordinary eventualities which the one side predicted should the other side win. This is a pleasant morning, and we are about our business as usual. There is nothing on the horizon to indicate that we may not be going about our ordinary affairs in the same fashion six months, or even six years, from now. What we shall be able to notice more clearly then than now is that a great many things did not happen as we were told they would by the professed leaders of political opinion. Probably, also, some things will have occurred that they did not anticipate. So the principal damage is to immaterial matters—the smash-up affects wild talk and wasted print only; the government still lives, and the American people are yet to the good.

We have been imperiled so often that we are getting used to it; rather like it; it thrills. The amount of disaster that we have encountered and gone through is appalling; our public calamities—at election times—are mountainous. Our political institutions shake and totter every November. We have surrendered, so we are informed, much of our liberty, but the one form of it that we cling to with desperation and satisfaction is the liberty of objurgating and damnifying the other candidate and his supporters. The exercise of this liberty works off a good deal of strong feeling, and when the job is finished, as it was yesterday, we are at ease again.

So let no one mistake the splutteration of our politics for the realities of our political life. The American people have never given themselves over entirely to national foolishness. We are still sound at the core.

We trust the New York papers will be able to find space for the obituary notices to-day, at least.

About War and Its Cost.

The International Journal of Ethics, as becomes its nature and its mission, is horrified by the discoveries it has made as to the cost of war. The glorious victories of Julius Caesar cost the Romans more than a million men, and in drachmas there is no telling what was the cost. Napoleon, in the short space of nine years, was authorized to devote to "the glory of France" over two million men. And Napoleon was not squeamish about sacrificing his own men at the expense of the enemy's men. In the ten years following the attack on Fort Sumter, when all the civilized world seemed war-mad, a million and a half of men were killed and six billions worth of property was destroyed.

Even to-day two-thirds of the combined budgets of the various States of Europe are devoted to the maintenance of armed forces in preparation for war and to the service of a stupendous debt, practically the whole of which was incurred by war. War expenses in Europe absorb one-half of all the wealth created by productive labor. In the comparatively insignificent war of England with the Boers, England lost over 22,000 men and spent a billion and a half dollars. Since we went to war with Spain over Cuba, the government of the United States has spent a billion and a half dollars on war expenses—"more than enough to pay the national debt and dig the Panama Canal;" exclaims our horrified contemporary.

All of these things are true, of course, and are startling because of their immensity. Since Christianity supplanted polytheism among the white races, the Christian nations have been the warlike nations of the world. With possibly one or two minor exceptions, civilization has not been advanced except by war. For hundreds of years the yellow races have been unwarlike, and they have not progressed. But even when the yellow men were fighters—and they were the cruelest the earth has ever known—they did not advance the outposts of their civilization with their victories. Except for a small and inconsequential area in mid-Europe, the bloodthirsty and unconquerable Attilla, the Hun left no permanent impress upon the manners of his time. Zinghas Khan, though he left huge piles of dead in his bloody path across Eastern Europe, achieved nothing of enduring value. Japan, aroused from her torpor of centuries by the touch of Western civilization, and springing to war with the fury of Bellona, has not yet demonstrated the capacity to profit by the fruits of her marvelous victories over China and Russia.

Europe is now an armed camp. The United States is constantly increasing the size and efficiency of its military establishment. Lath. American is almost constantly involved in internecine strife. But for the burdens of military expenses, that are getting bigger all the time, the taxes of government among the Christian nations would be scarcely felt. These nations, with the exception of Russia, are self-governing in the broad sense. At any rate, their budgets are controlled by the people, and not the princes. Hence, the Christian masses, and not their rulers, are responsible for the great load of taxes placed upon them by war, its preparations and consequences. Metaphorically, every wealth-producer among the white races carries a soldier upon his back. And he seems to be proud of his burden. He knows that the soldier he is carrying will open a new market for him somewhere, for since the people threw off the yoke of princes their wars have been for the extension of their commerce. There is no telling what would happen to us if we should cease to fight. People who are not willing to fight usually are not willing to work. China is an exemplification of this. The Chinese have not developed the great natural resources of their domain beyond the point that had been reached when white civilization really was threatened with "the yellow peril."

So we bid our esteemed contemporary, the International Journal of Ethics, to be of good cheer. There are more trained warriors in the world to-day than ever before, but war is more humane and is waged for more practical purposes than ever before. Its results are utilized to better advantage, too. It is edifying to dream of a warless civilization, but we are many, many years removed from a realization of that ennobling vision.

The weather man certainly maintained a strict neutrality.

Fighting the White Plague.

No more practical work in philanthropy can be found than that of the local committee for the prevention of consumption, which has just begun its canvass for funds for the work of the coming season. It is singular that the prevention and control of tuberculosis, a matter of such vital importance to the community, should not be entirely in the hands of the local authorities, but there is undoubtedly a large field for private initiative in the task of combating the disease in the homes of the poor and ignorant, as well as in conducting a campaign of public education as to its causes and the means for its prevention and cure. The necessity for active work is amply attested by the committee's statement that Washington has an abnormally large consumptive population.

The progress of medical science gives strong promise that this unhappy condition may be ultimately changed for the better. Tuberculosis, it is now known, while one of the deadliest and most widespread of diseases, is entirely preventable, and curable in its early stages by very simple methods. Good food, plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and the prompt removal and disinfection of expectoration will effect a cure in many cases, and the isolation of chronic cases will help to prevent spread of the disease. Prevention of the white plague is therefore largely a matter of sanitary living, which it is the duty of all to encourage and to follow. To bring this knowledge home to people of all classes and conditions is an important part of the work of the local committee for the prevention of consumption. It is a work which ought to be generously supported.

A Kentucky man picked up a snake the other day, thinking it was his pipe. If he had simply picked up his pipe thinking it was a snake the affair would not be considered anything unusual among Kentucklans.

A scientist declares that the coal tar in Scotch whisky hardens the heart. The coal tar, it seems, doesn't get in its work until next morning.

Smell is the only sense in which human beings are inferior to animals. Indeed, it is doubtful that animals would stand for an election like unto the one just pulled off in New York.

No goods can be landed in Turkey that bear the marks of a crescent in any form. The wise old Sultan does not intend that any one shall get on to his curves.

Massachusetts automobilists are arranging a "gymhanka contest." This looks ominous for the spectators.

When Horace remarked, "There is a sure reward for faithful silence," he was probably campaigning for the "silent vote."

Some European states sell titles, and it does seem that the chance to buy a title without the manikin that generally goes with it ought to appeal to our girls with the price.

The court physician to the Queen of Spain has just been announced, and, according to a cable, "he receives a salary of $4,000, an allowance for rent, $5 for each visit, and he is an American." The correspondent probably considered it useless to add that he hails from Ohio.

Of course you knew what was going to happen in New York. Far be it from us to dispute it!

One of the burglars who entered the Buffalo offices of the Standard Oil Company the other night left his coat behind. He played in big luck if that is all he left.

At least there is some consolation in the thought that the dukes like Marlborough and the counts like Castellane are going to have trouble reading their titles clear to mansions in the skies.

According to a Chicago Chronicle headline, "Senator La Follette's light dims." Probably turned down by Senator Spooner.

While Bandit Raisouli was out quelling a few stray riots the other day some Algerian robber stole his cow. We are not accusing any one, but suspicion points strongly to that fellow Muley.

The New York Mail designates Count Boni "the pygmy of Paris." A good, long sentence to the pen is what the pygmy deserves.

An Atlanta woman declared that she would not eat any more until her husband quit drinking. As the mean man immediately moved to Savannah, the case seems hopeless.

When a member of Parliament sees a woman suffragist coming his way these days, he turns up his coat collar, pulls his hat down over his eyes, and gets pretty busy studying designs on the pavement.

We regret to note that the Kaiser has been chilling. It must be pretty hard to chill and Kais successfully, all at the same time.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat refers to Mr. Cortelyou's knowledge of finance as "slight." The Times-Democrat evidently only refers to so much of that knowledge as the Secretary has allowed to slip out.

A South Carolina editor wonders why it is that poets sing of a woman's "liquid eyes, Grecian nose, and shell-like ears, but never mention her chin." Probably because they know the women themselves can be depended upon to furnish the chin music.

Mr. George Ade wants to give Mr. Hearst a loving cup. We had suspected it was a lemon Ade had in store for Hearst.

Strange, but these American heiresses always seem to pick out some member of the foreign no-ability.

And now some one comes forward and files a two-million-dollar suit against the banana trust. As with the other trusts, however, the prosecutor will find there is many a slip twixt the filing and the judgment.

The editor of the Rural Retreat (Va.) Times says he "wants to die when he can no longer enjoy sitting in the flickering firelight squeezing a pretty girl's hand." Looks like that is the proper time to flicker out—especially if she's a Virginia girl.

Alaska wants representation in Washington, but doesn't know whether to expect a cold deal or a square deal.

That Montana man who went broke trying to sell fake elks' teeth ought to have known that there is not an elk in captivity who has not cut his eye teeth.

As soon as George Gould heard of that indictment containing 1,154 counts, he immediately expressed his willingness to sell his railroads to the government. The Gould family is very shy of counts these days.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE.

And now at last the tumult stops;
The heelers and the thugs depart;
The candidate his forehead mops
And claims his palpitating heart.
He is elected, his the fight;
The opposition has been flayed.
But what of wrongs that he would right?
What of the promises he's made?
My worthy friends, keep at him yet,
Lest he forget, lest he forget.

The two and two that once made four,
With his assistance will make eight.
He'll do away with sails of yore
And run by steam the ship of state.
At least he promised that he would,
And unto you I now appeal
To strictly see that he makes good,
And holds his nose against the wheel.
We'll have to watch him well, you bet,
Lest he forget, lest he forget.

Justifiable.

"Say, Jinks, did Peary get furthest north or farthest north?"

Biff!

"Officer," said the judge, "you should have listened to Mr. Jinks' explanation. Don't bring any more citizens before me on such a charge."

He Knew.

"My boy, here's the place for you. Hours from ten to two; Saturdays from ten to twelve; work genteel and light; experience unnecessary; salary, $100 per week. How does that suit you?"

"G'wan! I ain't got no $50,000 to invest in the business."

THE WHEREFORE.

I cannot lay
A brick, gee whiz!
That's why I'm in
The poetry biz.

Reincarnation.

"This New York lecturer claims to be Pericles."

"Think he is?"

"Naw. If he's any ancient character, he's Ananias."

The Princely Way.

"Bridget Finn says her husband treats her like a prince."

"He does that. He hands her a biff on the jaw when she fails to come up wid the coin."

A Common Attitude.

"She thinks her husband is a deep-dyed villain."

"Why?"

"Well, she's never been able to catch him doing anything wrong."

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

THE COMPROMISE.

Mrs. Perkins had decided on a forty dollar hat—
Small, and flat.
But her husband said, by ginger! he would never stand for that!
So they sat
Glaring each upon the other, and their little evening chat
Was a spat.

Mr. Perkins said she never meditated on expense;
Common sense
Would convince her that her bills for things were terribly immense.
In defense
Mrs. Perkins interrupted, and in language most intense
Called him dense!

She reminded him that always she had had what she desired
Or required—
That is, when she was unmarried, and was courted and admired.
Perkins fired
To a white hot pitch of anger, said things for which she aspired
Made him tired.

So they had it hot and heavy till the ending of the fray;
Blithe and gay
Mrs. Perkins loomed the victor; she had clearly won the day;
Anyway,
Mr. Perkins, glum and moody, said he'd nothing more to say—
He would pay.

Then the dove of peace came flying, as is easily surmised,
Analyzed
Was the spat in all its features, and adjusted, and revised;
Peace, the prized,
Rested on the warring banners when the twain were tranquilized—
They compromised.

And the compromise was thusly: Mrs. Perkins gets the hat—
Small, and flat;
And a dress,
A coat,
A shirt waist,
For the bathroom a new mat,
Surely any loving woman would be satisfied with that
Sort of spat!

CUNNING.

"No, thanks, old man," says the individual with the crafty eye. "I am not going to eat any lunch to-day."

"Too busy?"

"No. I've got plenty of time, but our cook quit yesterday, and my wife has to get the dinner this evening."

"I see; and you don't want to spoil that good dinner by eating lunch."

"In a way, yes. I want to have a ravenous appetite. I told you my wife would cook the dinner, and I've simply got to eat it."

THE REAL THING.

Of all the helpful mottoes in the books on Fortune's shelf
The one that you should follow is the best one: "Help Yourself."

WILBUR NESBIT.

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Encouraging Good Shooting.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Secretary of the Navy, in making self-interest the basis of proficiency in rifle practice, has given the marines the strongest possible stimulus to action in the desired direction. When a member of the Marine Corps learns that accurate marksmanship will gain for him a larger pay check as well as a decoration, he will devote his time and energies toward the desired end. Pride is a potent factor in influencing the actions of men, but self-interest is a greater one. A similar rule for graded compensation would convert the army, as well as the navy, into an unrivaled force of rifle experts.

Biblical Instruction.

From the Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Tompkins went to visit her mother for a few days, leaving hubby to get his own meals. Entering the kitchen, he found she had

—left a little note,
And this is what she wrote:
II Kings, xxi., 13.

When he himself had fed
This is what he read:
"I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down." Tompkins took the hint.

Fashionable, but Costly.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Indiana investigating committee has decided that life insurance costs too much. A great many people had noticed the same thing, but they also perceived that it is the fashion.

Not by Authority.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Secretary Root, in New York, spoke for the President, and said so. None of the Cabinet orators in Pennsylvania could say that.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

As to Public Speaking.

The old notion that to become an effective public speaker one must have long years of practice has been completely exploded by numerous recent examples in American politics. In New York, for instance, the respective leaders of the two great parties in the fiercest campaign of modern times had virtually no experience on the stump prior to this year. Mr. Hearst had made a few speeches in public, and in the mayoralty campaign of last year he was active on the stump for two weeks, but prior to that time he had not made a half dozen speeches. Mr. Hughes had delivered lectures before college faculties on esoteric themes, but until suddenly faced with the responsibility of the Republican gubernatorial nomination he had not addressed a popular audience. Reports indicate that both Messrs. Hearst and Hughes were pronounced successes as stump speakers. Mark Hanna never made a speech until he was more than fifty years old, and yet he was one of the most forceful talkers, one of the best vote-getters, of his day. Postmaster General Cortelyou had had no occasion to address audiences of any kind until he was forty years old.

Sugar from Cornstalks.

Prof. H. W. Wiley, of the Department of Agriculture, thinks he has struck a discovery that will add greatly to the value of the corn crop. He believes the stalks of sweet corn might be made to yield sugar of the best quality, and thus take the place to a large extent of the beet that is now raised for sugar, and which is a more expensive crop than corn. The stalks of the sweet corn contain much more sugar than those of the common field corn, and the sugar content is at its maximum at the time when the ears are pulled. Sugar, of course, is readily convertible into alcohol, and, inasmuch as each 100 pounds of stalks will yield six and a half pounds of absolute alcohol, it is easily seen what a good thing the farmer has been allowing to go to waste. It is recalled in this connection that until a few years ago the cotton planters knew virtually nothing of the commercial uses or value of cotton seed, but since the Department of Agriculture demonstrated the convertibility of this seed into various forms of commercial value it has added greatly to the income of the planters. For a hundred years the cotton seed was allowed to go to waste. It is now a by-product of great consideration. Prof. Wiley thinks the cornstalk can be similarly untilized.

Admires the Dutch Masters.

Whether or not it is due to the unconscious influence of her husband, the most distinguished representative in the world of the sturdy Dutch race, it is a fact, nevertheless, that Mrs. Roosevelt is an ardent admirer of Rembrandt, and owns several fine prints of the great Dutch master, which she has at her home at Oyster Bay. She is a stanch admirer also of the old Dutch school, and several paintings which adorn the President's private residence are from the hands of Netherland painters. None of these paintings or prints, however, have been brought to the White House by Mrs. Roosevelt, for the reason, it is said, that she fears some accident might befall them in being moved. So carefully does she guard them that she did not even transfer them to her modest home in Washington when her husband in turn was Civil Service Commissioner and Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Bailey and the Colonel.

When Senator Bailey was last in Washington a stranger called at his hotel and sent in his card. The Senator did not recognize the name, but, in accordance with his usual courtesy, came out to where the stranger was waiting. It took only a few minutes' conversation to develop the fact that the individual simply desired to make a "touch." It was the regulation "Been unfortunate and desire to get back to my own country." "What is your business, colonel?" the senator inquired. The rusty frock coat and the slouch hat seemed to warrant the military title. "Why, I am a gentleman, senator," the stranger replied pompously. "Oh, I see," the Texas statesman replied, unruffled. "Have you instituted bankruptcy proceedings, sir?"

New to Succeed Cortelyou.

Two or three weeks ago it was stated in this newspaper that the Hon. Harry S. New, of Indianapolis, would succeed Postmaster General Cortelyou as chairman of the Republican National Committee when the latter should succeed Secretary Shaw at the head of the Treasury Department. Semi-official announcements are now being made to the same effect. There is good ground for the statement that Col. New could step into the Postmaster Generalship if he preferred that to the national chairmanship, and just why he has selected the latter post can be understood only by that element of statesmen who have been initiated into the mysteries of Indiana politics. Numerous Republican leaders in Indiana have striven for the chairmanship, but largely because of the factionalism in the party in Hoosierdom that had a direct bearing upon Presidential politics the State has been denied the honor. Now that Col. New seems assured of the place it will not be amiss to watch closely the developments in the quiet contest going on under cover for the Republican leadership in 1908. Incidentally, it may be of interest to remark that nobody will watch these developments with keener concern than will the Hon. Charles Warren Fairbanks.

"The Just Judge."

The death in Chicago a few days ago of Judge Joseph E. Gary removed from the bench one of the greatest expounders of American jurisprudence. For forty-three years continuously he occupied the woolsack in the Western metropolis, and in all that time missed only two days from the bench when his court was in session. So famous did he become as the dispenser of even-handed justice that for years he bore the unique title of "the just judge." Unlike Aristides, who was killed by the Athenians because they grew tired of hearing him constantly referred to as "the just," Judge Gary's popularity never diminished in his community. He presided at the trial of the Chicago anarchists, who were convicted of bomb throwing and executed a generation ago, and not even the friends and sympathizers of these men held a grudge against him. Like so many other jurists of eminence, Judge Gary was not a marked success as a practitioner, though he went on the bench at such an early age that probably he had not had time to prove his ability before the bar as he did upon the bench.

A Strong Constitution.

From the New York Sun.

A Kentucky man has just waked up after a sleep of twelve years. Such peace in the midst of Col. Henry Watterson's wild alarms and reverberations shows the strength of the Kentucky constitution.

He Could Teach Them.

From the New York World.

Yale is to have a chair of lumbering. If it were occupied by a log-rolling Senator the New Haven boys might learn some interesting matters.

The Paradox of Prosperity.

From the Houston Post.

The kind of prosperity that the country most needs is that which does not add $2 to the cost of living for every $1 that wages are increased.

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

Jeffersonian Simplicity Did Not Refer to Male Garments.

From Pearson's Magazine.

The enterprising and imaginative London tailor who proposed blue coats with velvet cuffs and collars and gilt buttons, not to speak of knee breeches, as an appropriate and pleasing dinner dress for men in these days of somber black and loose nether garments, has stirred the recusant soul of sartorial America.

But why should patriotic Americans see anything insidious, sinister, or ridiculous in a costume worn by the fifty-five patriots who made the Constitution of the United States? Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton, and all the conspicuous men of their day wore colored coat, gilt buttons, and knee breeches.

It is hard to see why "Jeffrsonian Democrats," for instance, should protest against knee breeches when they have the stockinged shanks of their protagonist pleading against the ugly mystery of modern trousers. Nor did Jefferson scorn the soft allurements of ruffles at his wrists. As late as 1798 we find him writing Mary Jefferson Eppes this illuminating counsel:

"The article of dress is, perhaps, that in which economy is the least to be recommended. It is so important (in married life) to each to continue to please the other, that the happiness of both requires the most pointed attention to whatever may contribute to it—and the more as time makes inroads on our person."

This was the opinion of the champion of plain living at the sober and experienced age of fifty-five years. Thirty-six years before, when he was but nineteen, Jefferson held a poor opinion of men who paid much attention to the adornment of their persons:

"As for admiration, I am sure the man who powders most, embroiders most, and talks most nonsense, is most admired; though, to be candid, there are some who have too much good sense to esteem such monkey-like animals as these, in whose formation, as the saying is, the tailors and barbers go halves with God Almighty."

There you have Jefferson the ripe man compared with Jefferson the hot-blooded youth, and in knee breeches at both ages.

Washington bore himself with dignity and good taste at all times; that is the testimony of his contemporaries. The "Father of His Country" saw nothing effete or belittling in small clothes or ornamental attire. His views on dress may be partly understood from a letter written to his London agent ordering the following:

"A riding frock of a handsome, drab-colored broadcloth, with plain double gilt buttons.

"A riding waistcoat of superfine scarlet cloth and gold lace, with buttons like those of the coat.

"A blue surtout coat.

"A neat switch whip, silver cap.

"Black velvet cap for servant."

Nor must we forget that Lord Bacon, one of the wisest and gravest of mankind—he also wore knee breeches—confessed in writing, that, as lord chancellor, he had accepted a bribe consisting of "gold buttons about the value of £60."

Shakespeare and Milton were innocent of trousers, and yet unashamed. Imagine Cortes or Sir Walter Raleigh without hose and ruff! Think of Alexander or Caesar or Romeo or the Cid in "pants!"

And to add to the confusion of the hour comes the news that King Edward no longer sets the fashions for male adornment, that British masculinity ignores the royal "pearl-colored fedora hat and gray frock coat," save for the "gentlemen of the household," who dare not commit such treason.

Ichabod! Where now shall we look for guidance? It is a degenerate age, and even the high silk hat is spoken of disrespectfully.

Need for Haste.

From Harper's Weekly.

F. M. Beckford, of Laconia, N. H., was once arguing a case in the Belknap County court, and he opened his argument as follows:

"Your honor and gentlemen of the jury: This case is one peculiar in circumstances, as well as in fact. It came to me as a legacy from my late brother, Col. T. J. Whipple, who was engaged in its preparation at the time of his death. The county attorney who brought the case into court has long since gone to his great reward. The justice who held the original hearing has long since passed away. Our Attorney General Barnard, since he became interested in the case, has been called to that land where litigation is not known. Several of the leading witnesses, too, are dead—"

"All of which," said the court, "reminds us of the uncertainty of human life. Proceed, or none of us will be able to see the case through."

A Tale from Japan.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

W. H. Avery and Henry J. Crocker have recently returned from a trip to Japan, and they vie with each other telling stories on the other man.

Avery has a good one on Crocker. They were going along one of the streets in Yokohama and noticed straw in the streets. Crocker, who is a student of the customs of the country in which he traveled, had ascertained that straw is scattered on the street in case of sickness to diminish the noise.

"Mister," said a small tourist, who had wandered away from mother, "what's this hay doin' out here?"

"My son," said Crocker with a smile, "the stork has just brought a baby to the woman who lives here."

The small one surveyed Crocker with wide eyes and said: "Gee, it must have come well packed."

A Personal Demonstration.

From the Ladies' Home Journal.

Chatting in leisurely fashion with Prince Bismarck in Berlin, Lord Russell asked the chancellor how he managed to rid himself of importunate visitors whom he could not refuse to see, but who stuck like burs when once admitted.

"Oh," replied Bismarck, "I have my easy escape. My wife knows people of this class very well, and when she is sure there is a bore here, and sees him staying too long, she manages to call me away on some plausible pretext."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when the Princess Bismarck appeared at the door. "My dear," she said to her husband, "you must come at once and take your medicine; you should have taken it an hour ago."

She Knew.

From Harper's Weekly.

Frederick Landis, who two years ago was elected as a Representative from Indiana, is one of the most youthful looking men in public life.

That Landis excels at repartee was proved at the time of his election, when, it is said, he appeared to be not a day over twenty.

"Say, boy!" shouted a Hoosier to the candidate, as Landis was leaving the platform at a political meeting, "does your mother know you're out?"

"Oh, yes," replied Landis, with a smile, "and when the votes are counted to-night she'll know I'm in."

Compliment with a Motive.

From the Atchison (Kans.) Globe.

When a little girl names her doll for you it is a compliment, but when she is a grown woman and names her baby for you there may be another motive in connection.

All a Fabrication.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It isn't known who started the story about the well filled Cuban treasury.

There was nothing in it.

HEARD AT HOTELS.

Nobody would guess, to look at his hair almost untouched with gray, his flashing black eyes, and his erect figure, that Gen. Jack Hayes, U. S. A., retired, was participating in hard-fought battles with redskins on the Texas plains when middle-aged men and women of to-day were lisping babes. Gen. Hayes came from his North Carolina home yesterday to visit old friends in Washington, and it is always a cordial welcome that awaits him here, born soldier and gallant gentleman that he is.

"Yes," said the general, "I started on a military career at the mature age of twelve, and was in the famous old Second Cavalry, a regiment that gave so many glorious chieftains to both North and South when the fratricidal struggle started. Albert Sidney Johnston was our colonel; Robert E. Lee, lieutenant colonel; Hardee and George H. Thomas, majors; Earl Van Dorn, Kirby Smith, and George W. Stoneman captains, and Hood and Fitzhugh Lee among the lieutenants.

"We had our share of fighting and also of fun in that older time, and I am here to tell you that chasing Comanches in Western Texas was not absolutely a picnic. At any rate, the battle of Wichitaw Mountain was not. That was in 1858, when the Lone Star State was very thinly peopled. We went up against not less than 700 of the red warriors with only 213 men. Our adjutant, a splendid fellow named Van Camp, from Pennsylvania, was killed, and eight privates. Van Dorn was in command, and he got a bad flesh wound, while an Indian arrow pierced my thigh and made me limp for weeks. After the fight I counted the corpses of eighty horses, and we captured a lot of old men, women, and children, besides destroying a big village.

"This fight made Earl Van Dorn the hero and idol of the Texas people, and when a number of us attended the inaugural of Gen. Sam Houston as governor the following year, Van Dorn was the lion of the occasion. Pretty soon afterward the secession movement started, and you can imagine that it grieved me to part company with the men whom I loved, particularly with my close personal friend then and to the day of his death, Fitzhugh Lee. I had been orderly to Col. Robert E. Lee for some time, and my feeling for him was reverential. Being of Northern birth, I had to stay by the Union, but in my soul I never have aught of malice or rancor toward those chivalrous and knightly gentlemen on the other side."

At the Arlington are Senor Juan Losoya and his son, Miguel, of the Mexican state of Durango. The former, who is a wealthy mine owner and ranchman, is visiting Washington for the first time, and is greatly impressed with its varied attractions. Young Losoya, who learned to speak English during his school life in California, said to a Herald reporter:

"Durango is a country rich in minerals, and it is also a great cattle country. We have some ranches in Northern Mexico that for size compare with any in the world. The former governor of Chihuahua, Louis Terazas, is one of the biggest landowners in the world. His various places aggregate several thousand square miles, and he is estimated to own over 200,000 head of cattle. His son-in-law, Enrique Creel, who is now governor of Chihuahua, is likewise a man of enormous wealth. The two men virtually rule their state and their least wish is the law of the land."

"We think in old Fauquier that we have the banner county of the Old Dominion," said Mr. L. D. Passano, jr., a leading citizen of Warrenton, at the Raleigh.

"A splendid climate, rich lands adapted equally to growing large crops and raising blooded horses and fat cattle are some of our advantages, not to speak of a people noted for intelligence, thrift, and hospitality. There has been a strong demand during the past twelve months for improved country estates in Fauquier from persons in distant states, and my mail brings me daily a batch of letters inquiring the prices of farms. People are coming to settle among us from New England, the Middle States, and even from California, and so numerous have been these outside investments that there is comparatively little realty left for sale. The fact is that the growth of all that portion of Virginia in proximity to Washington is something extraordinary, and the time is not far distant when it will be a garden spot, developing in wealth and population with the development of the National Capital."

Two Texas lawyers of high standing, Hon. A. W. Houston, of San Antonio, and C. S. Spoonts, of Fort Worth, are at the New Willard.

"We have, in the Fort Worth district," said Mr. Spoonts, "the unique spectacle of a woman running for Congress against Oscar Gillespie, the Democratic candidate and present Representative. Curiously enough, the lady is running as a Socialist. She will not get enough votes, I imagine, to encourage her to make the attempt a second time. The lady is also an imported product, as our native women do not take to radical political doctrines.

"There is an exaggerated notion in this section, I learn, regarding the strength of the opposition to Senator Joe Bailey. The truth is that the Senator is not in the least danger or difficulty. He has always had the opposition of a certain group of men in our State, and they inaugurated a campaign against him with a view of destroying his prestige and possibly of defeating his return to the Senate. Their plan has proved a flat failure, and their efforts to do him harm will prove a boomerang."

"In my journeyings about the world," said Mr. F. M. Durand, of New York, at the Arlington, "I have hit upon two places that in temperament are as wide asunder as the poles. I have in mind Boston and Bermuda as absolutely antithetical. Boston is about the coldest place on the globe, not from the weather standpoint, but in its treatment of men. I have lived in that old town for months, and I have seen men pass and repass each other day in and day out, and never so much as say good-morning. Whether this be natural or an acquired habit, I don't pretend to say, but I'm ready to make oath any time that it is the Boston way, and that the average citizen of the Hub goes about with chunks of ice on his person.

"Now, in Bermuda, it is a complete contrast. The minute you land friendly faces beam on you, and people whom you never knew existed salute you as if you were the King of England. They will, on the slightest evidence of reciprocal friendliness, stop and tell you all about themselves, put their houses, their servants, and all their possessions at your disposal, and this out of pure and unalloyed hospitality. In all my experience I never saw a country where they make a stranger feel so completely at home as in Bermuda."

Planning a Brutal Act.

From the Philadelphia Press.

"What do you expect to give your wife for Christmas, or have you though of it yet?"

"Yes, I'm going to give her a receipted bill for the parlor table she bought for me on installments last Christmas."

Would Get Desperate.

From the Columbia (S. C.) State.

However, if $9,000,000 should ever be spent in furnishing a $4,000,000 capitol in South Carolina, "The Clansman" will be revived, Philadelphia to the contrary notwithstanding.